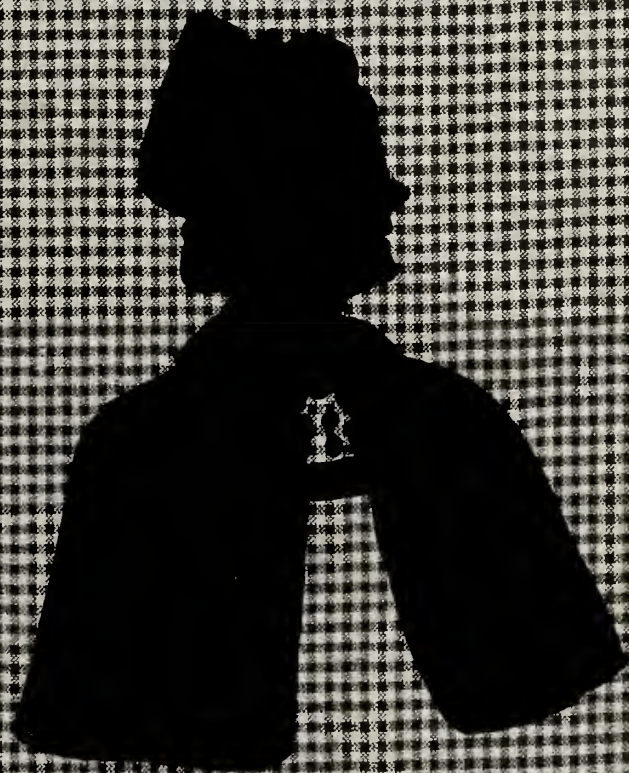



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... THE LOVELINESS OF BULFINCH IS REVEALED IN MOONLIGHT

Foreword

M.G.H.,—we give you this edition of CHECKS.

In the past you gave us a home and guidance—at present you give us the chance purposefully to look about—for the future you give us the opportunity to select, to grow, to take a part in community living.

As this book is added to the many already given by other classes, may this one be given with a spirit of fraternity and advancement. In the years to come, though they be restless, terrible, and dark, may we take from its place our own copy, and absorb from it the security, humility, and desire for service that is life at M.G.H.



Emil Pollack-Ottendorf

PORTRAIT OF MISS SALLY JOHNSON, R.N., B.S.
Superintendent of Nurses and Principal of the School of Nursing

Checks

Massachusetts General Hospital
School of Nursing

Class of 1942



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ing.

MARGARET WILSON, R.N.
Science Instructor.



The Class of 1942
affectionately dedicates
this edition
of
CHECKS
to

Ruth Sleeper

whose untrammelled mind and
devotion to the problems and welfare
of the student body have meant so
much to us during these three years

. . . for her kindness,

care, and sympathy,

we give to

Nancy M. Fraser

our very grateful appreciation

The Persistent Reality . . .

Three years ago, as we entered training, ours was a peacetime nation and we began to learn to serve a people at peace.

Today, as we are graduated, that people has been catapulted into a struggle tremendous in its world-wide significance—and we are to serve a nation at war.

A day, a week, a month bring with them everchanging events. The unpredicted and the predicted happens, making it impossible to say with assurance what will be next.

To what, then, in a war-wracked world, can we look forward?

We have been taught to minister to the sick. In war or in peace sickness is a persistent reality. Our service then is two-fold—to care for the sick and conserve the health of a people at war as an immediate pressing problem, and to plan for the care of the sick and the maintenance of health when peace again comes.

The roar of guns speaks its own need. To some of us it will mean the sight of bayonet wounds, of scattered shrapnel shot, of men bruised and maimed and crazed and dying. To others may even come the sight of civilians cut down in the streets by enemy bombs, of homes burning and of the spoiling of lives and property.

This is a perilous moment when man is savage. This is an emergency—no time for wasting or wishful thinking. This is the time for immediate service—toil of hands, understanding, courage, faith and wisdom to do.

But no matter how long this war may be, we can still hope to do a “heap of living” in an era of peace—when each one may be wiser and more

humble for the sacrifice. For this postwar world which will be ours to help create, we need education and preparation. The health of children, the problem of relief, the success of new towns mushroomed about dormant defense industries, the still persistent reality of sickness—these are a few of the problems which may be our concern.

As a philosophy for us and for our times Bertrand Russell has written: “Remind yourself that the world is what we make it, and that to the making of it each one of us can contribute something. This thought makes hope possible and in this hope, though life will still be painful, it will no longer be purposeless.”

THE EDITORS

Graduating Class

February Section



RUTH BARTLETT

8 Elm Street
North Brookfield, Mass.

*"I'll do my best" with a heart that's willing . . .
a loyal, true friend . . . hidden humor.*



BEATRICE BENNETT

28 Custer Street
Rockland, Mass.

*Energetic blonde . . . never can do enough for one . . .
sincere and quiet . . . likes to figure out budgets.*

CLEORA YVONNE BRIGGS

53 Exeter Street
Newmarket, N. H.

*Small glossy brunette . . . always expressing
"fundamentals of truth" . . . only person in
world who sings for her breakfast.*



ELNA ASTRID CARLSON

Hardwick
Mass.

*Petite, and Nordic . . . vigorous, enthusiastic . . .
never ruffled . . . energetic.*



VIOLA AGNES CHASE

11 Mulberry Street
Claremont, N. H.

*"Rusty" . . . saucy red hair . . . contagious laughter
. . . jovial, winning way . . . everyone's friend . . .
music lover.*



MADELEINE JANE CURTIS

220 East Main Street
Nanticoke, Pennsylvania

*"Still waters run deep" . . . always dependable . . .
soft-spoken . . . alluring in evening wear.*



BETH HELEN DAVIS

11 Center Street
Guilford, Maine

*Wistful . . . thoughtful . . . subtle humor . . . quiet,
unassuming . . . a busy Little Float (Allen Streets)*



BARBARA ANN DOOLEY

84 Martin Street
West Roxbury, Mass.

*A dash of perfume . . . the tap of high heels . . .
tireless energy . . . clear sailing ahead.*



JOSEPHINE FERRARA

62 Water Street
Wakefield, Mass.

*Joie de vivre . . . a picture of health, happiness,
and ambition . . . will go far.*



EVELYN LAURA GATES

Brownville Junction
Maine

*Dark eyes . . . many moods . . . a good athlete . . .
an all around good sport.*

VIRGINIA E. HUSSEY

46 Warren Avenue
Milton, Mass.

*Initiative, imagination, and resourcefulness . . .
pleasant, cheery smile . . . sweet and dainty.*



DORIS PRISCILLA JAMES

301 King Street
Cohasset, Mass.

*Tall, dark, and attractive . . . always on the go . . .
never without an idea.*



SOPHIE VIRGINIA JAREK

151 Humphrey Street
Lowell, Mass.

*Croppy hair . . . frank . . . "What do you get for it?"
. . . a true friend.*



MARGARET E. LANDSDOWNE

34 Brookfield Road
Waltham, Mass.

*Frank . . . unassuming . . . determined . . .
a true friend . . . quiet, gentle.*



KATHERINE VIOLET MANTER

New Gloucester
Maine

*Mild . . . enduring charm . . . ever willing . . .
never a hasty word.*



FRANCES ISABELLE McMORRAN

Lincoln
New Hampshire

*Quiet and poised . . . calm, deliberate manner . . .
a good listener . . . neat as wax.*



ELINOR GERTRUDE NASON

20 Alden Road
Watertown, Mass.

*Tall, slender, and pleasing to the eye . . . perfection
in the making . . . "It was more fun at B.L.I."*



CAROLYN A. PARKER

Boxborough
Mass.

*Dark hair, laughing eyes . . . enthusiastic about
everything she undertakes.*

RACHEL E. RANTAKANGAS

West Warcham
Mass.

*Quiet . . . industriously preparing for the future . . .
lovely hair . . . quick efficiency.*



HELEN JANET ROBINSON

Wendell
Mass.

*Abrupt . . . content . . . gullible . . . above all,
earnest . . . never say die.*



KARIN M. SAARINEN

31 Elmwood Street
Maynard, Mass.

*Petite, lively . . . a "Squint" in her eye . . .
in a million places at once.*



JULIA SARAD

Rood Street
Ludlow, Mass.

*Strong, industrious, willing worker . . .
constant courage . . . emotionally stable.*



ROSE MARIE SCALORA

14 Osgood Street
Lawrence, Mass.

*Wavy, black hair . . . enthusiastic and cheerful . . .
irresistible smile . . . vivacious.*



ANNE MARIE SCHILLING

203 Milford Street
Manchester, N. H.

*Tall, Nordic blonde . . . social star . . . here to-day
and gone tomorrow . . . generous nature.*



LILLA MAY SHELDON

25 Taunton Avenue
Rockland, Mass.

*Where there's Bebe there's Lilla . . . Walcott
jitterbug . . . a lover of apple pie.*



PHYLLIS ELIZABETH SMITH

30 Hobson Street
Lawrence, Mass.

*Onward and upward . . . capable and efficient . . .
a breezy manner . . . a guarded smile.*

MARIE IONE SMITH

68 Central Avenue
So. Braintree, Mass.

*Ripping escapades . . . stormy outlook . . .
yet loyal and sincere.*



DORIS ELIZABETH SWANSON

27 First Street
Brockton, Mass.

*Never seen twice with the same hair-do . . . forever
entertaining . . . "can't go, got to get some sleep!"*



GLADYS MAE WILLARD

117 South Street
Wrentham, Mass.

*Considerate . . . conservative . . . a good listener . . .
a good word for everyone.*



LOIS WOODBURY

87 Saunders Avenue
Lowell, Mass.

*Pretty little nose and dimples . . . always busy . . .
sedate teacher . . . there's a joke to everything.*



WANDA MAE ZELLER

Muscataine
Iowa

*Every day a crisis . . . a helping hand . . .
a big heart . . . a culinary expert.*

September Section



JOAN BIRD

45 Union Street
Camden, Maine

*Yen for excitement . . . restless . . . energetic . . .
hair flying . . . makes living a pleasure.*



IRENE RUTH BRASE

58 Holbrook Avenue
Lowell, Mass.

*Pleasingly determined . . . a ready smile . . . a lover
of psychology . . . stimulating . . . lovely to look at.*



CYNTHIA BROTT

27 Cedar Road
Belmont, Mass.

*For "Cynie"—Beethoven, Bach, Tchaikowsky . . .
lover of fine music always . . . erudite . . . of scholarly
mien . . . expert at tiny stitches.*

CARMELA MARY BRUNO

4 Truman Street
New London, Conn.

*Flyaway bob . . . quick grin . . . beautiful teeth . . .
cheery as a Christmas greeting.*



DOROTHY A. BROWNE

262 Whiting Avenue
Dedham, Mass.

*Dark eyes . . . softly appealing . . . generous . . . amia-
ble . . . Dedhamite . . . those Sunday-night suppers.*



ELIZABETH M. BUCKLEY

9 Holden Street
Dorchester, Mass.

*English reserve . . . Irish laughter . . . definite ideas
about short men . . . loves to walk . . . friendly,
quiet, lovely.*



INEZ M. V. CARDINALI

969-B Chestnut Street
Newton Upper Falls, Mass.

*Black eyes . . . likes a "Fredly" discussion . . . keen
listener . . . engaging grin . . . inspiring ideals.*



KATHERYN F. CARR, B.S.

119 Summit Street
Clinton, Mass.

*Happy personality . . . petite . . . dainty . . . knows
her destination (and short cuts for getting there) . . .
quiet, kind.*



MARJORIE ELIZABETH CHASE

6 Patten Street
Watertown, Mass.

*Lovely of face and form . . . cool, calm, collected . . .
keen, observant . . . loves clothes . . . idealistic.*



JEAN GALE COADY

Monument Beach
Mass.

*Streetcars for transportation . . . willing . . .
industrious . . . infectious laugh . . . loves a good time.*



JEAN COOPER

38 Bradford Street
Lawrence, Mass.

*Career girl . . . "Coop" has a word for it—and a
laugh . . . unfailing sympathy . . . understanding
. . . shy.*

CHRISTINE COX

Greenwood Avenue
Beverly Farms, Mass.

*Pleasant . . . quiet . . . will to win . . . studious . . .
tactful . . . generous . . . good company.*



ETHEL DAVIS

Fremont
New Hampshire

*Quiet . . . determined . . . sensitive . . . good friend
charming company . . . good sport . . . just name it.*



ALICE MYRTLE DEMPSEY

20 Marbury Terrace
Jamaica Plain, Mass.

*A bubbling teapot of enthusiasm . . . freckled tipped
up nose . . . reliable . . . interesting . . . loves to talk.*



GERTRUDE DOLIBER

224 Lincoln Street
Newton Highlands, Mass.

*Amazing efficiency . . . boundless energy . . . fierce
loyalties . . . versatile interests . . . ideals.*



MARY DWYER

106 Rockaway Street
Lynn, Mass.

*Wind blown hair . . . tilted nose . . . breezy . . .
incurable optimist . . . magnetic . . . zest for living
loyal . . . lovable.*



BARBARA MAY EDWARD

93 Garfield Street
Barre, Vermont

*Flash of pure gold hair . . . vigorous . . . blue eyes . . .
dance lover . . . splash—she's off for a swim in the
brine.*



HELEN ELIZABETH ENGERT

309 Dartmouth Street
Rochester, N. Y.

*Fine effortless dignity . . . contagious enthusiasm for
arts and opera . . . strong opinions, independent mind
. . . inspiring yet soothing.*



BARBARA FARR

Amherst Street
Portland, Maine

*Unpredictable as the wind . . . demure . . . piquant
. . . undaunted optimism . . . laughing at life for her
own ends.*

PRISCILLA FARRAR

South Lincoln
Mass.

*Pleasing dignity . . . thoughtful poise . . . wistful . . .
genteel . . . saving silver for the future of--America?
. . . Frank.*



MYRTLE E. FLEMMING

Summer Street
Barre, Mass.

*Calm redhead . . . good humored . . . understanding
. . . ardent knitting, crocheting fan.*



MARY MARGARET HAYES

205 Sycamore Street
New Bedford, Mass.

*A breath of vogue . . . ingenué . . . petite . . . eager
. . . demure charm . . . sunny outlook . . . perfect
sincerity . . . loyal . . . unforgettable giggle.*



OLIVE JULIA HOHL

26 Webster Street
Clinton, Mass.

*Spotless . . . infectious giggle . . . certainly can take it
. . . naïve . . . virtuous . . . delightful disposition.*



DOLETA ERNESTINE HUGHES

West Palm Beach
Florida

*Southern belle . . . sans accent . . . fair of hair . . .
and of face . . . sweetly charming . . . fastidious as a
minuet . . .*



CELIA I. KRASNOGOR

46 Gordon Street
Framingham, Mass.

*Loyal . . . sensitive . . . exceedingly witty . . .
connoisseur of "hula" . . . for Celia, music,
loveliness . . . courage.*





MARY ELIZABETH MACDONALD, A.B.

118 Providence Street
Worcester, Mass.

*Tall stories . . . new shoes . . . fine, understanding
loyalties . . . unruffled good-nature . . . calm, efficient,
lovable.*



MARIE NATALIE MACY

Eastern Point Light Station
Gloucester, Mass.

*Tall, dark . . . her lighthouse and ocean, her first love
. . . ever seeking the new and exciting.*

MARY M. MALONEY

33 Kent Street
Brookline, Mass.

*Exquisitely thorough . . . excellent executive poise . . .
charm . . . lovable intuition . . . confidante of
sympathy, understanding.*



ANNA MARIE MCGILLICUDDY, B.S.

141 Nottinghill Road
Brighton, Mass.

*Lovely as a cameo . . . and just as delicate . . .
persistent spirit . . . friendly.*



ELVA ELIZABETH McQUADE

Hingham
Mass.

*A fighting spirit . . . pert . . . peppy . . .
plenty of the necessary grit.*



ANNE MEARS, A.B.

16 Granite Street
Saugus, Mass.

*Quiet . . . conscientious . . . strong willed . . .
progressive ideas . . . idealistic nature . . .
wealth of culture.*



GERTRUDE M. MOYNIHAN

46 Sagamore Street
So. Braintree, Mass.

*Flash for speed . . . tells time by one moon . . . mixes
dates . . . innocent . . . kind . . . willing . . . paves her
road to T.S.O. with good intentions.*



BARBARA MUNROE

184 West Central Street
Franklin, Mass.

*Old New England directness . . . rare candor and
friendliness . . . uncompromising . . . genuine . . .
athletic.*



MARY EARLENE NELSON

Kittery Point
Maine

*Loyal friend . . . always a kind deed . . . witty . . .
never blue except her eyes . . . efficient . . . attractive.*



NORMA REED NESMITH

116 Park Avenue
Whitman, Mass.

*Realist . . . cosmopolite . . . avid interest in people
new book enthusiast . . . dark, radiant gypsy in a
froth of white . . .*

RUTH E. NEWCOMB

296 Main Street
Amesbury, Mass.

*Blessed naivete . . . sweet . . . head tilted inquiringly
slender reed . . . impulsive, lighthearted, gay . . .*



CHARLOTTE MARY O'NEIL

Washington Street
Hanson, Mass.

*If she has nothing left it's because she gave it all away
. . . dry wit . . . deeply quiet . . . industrious.*



ALEXANDRIA PASSIOS

94 Ashburnham Hill Road
Fitchburg, Mass.

*Quiet . . . reserved . . . dependable . . . sparkling
brown eyes . . . calm . . . considerate of others.*



MURIEL SETTLE

9 O'Donnell Avenue
Shrewsbury, Mass.

*Golden haired not red . . . loves horses . . . credulous
. . . lovable . . . capable . . . "Settle" sense of humor.*



PHYLLIS LOUISE SIMPSON

11 Highland Avenue
Groveland, Mass.

*Happy, good-natured . . . a winning smile . . . jolly,
friendly . . . has the cutest sneeze.*



RUTH M. SMITH

74 Comy Street
Augusta, Maine

*Erect . . . unconcerned . . . crisp forthright manner
. . . receptive to all that's new—a book—a play . . .
Ruth, the individual.*



ELIZABETH M. STEVENS

Augusta
Maine

*Pink fluffy sweater . . . eyes with "it" . . . jolly . . .
high spirited . . . keen humor . . . looking for the best
in all and everyone.*



LOUISE P. TENNBERG

18 A Street
Lowell, Mass.

*Lovely . . . efficient . . . literary talent . . . dreamer,
molds life to her own plans . . . keen observer . . . gay.*

ELAINE KITFIELD TENNEY

48 Central Street
Manchester, Mass.

*Fashion conscious . . . urbane . . . vivid . . . fine bred
. . . classic beauty . . . eager for new faces, new things*



HELEN CONSTANCE WATTERS

276 Lowell Street
Wilmington, Mass.

*Sweet in manner . . . soft in voice . . . the ideal baby
nurse . . . precise . . . an organizer . . . conscientious.*



VIRGINIA M. WATTS

3 Roseland Street
Methuen, Mass.

*Efficient committee member . . . loves dancing . . .
everyone's pal . . . sees all . . . knows all . . . jolly.*



BERNICE WHITE

41 King Street
Worcester, Mass.

*Effervescent enthusiasm . . . deeply thoughtful . . .
firmly determined . . . reserved . . . wholesome . . .
lover of out-doors.*



F. GRACE WILLY

104 Colby Road
Quincy, Mass.

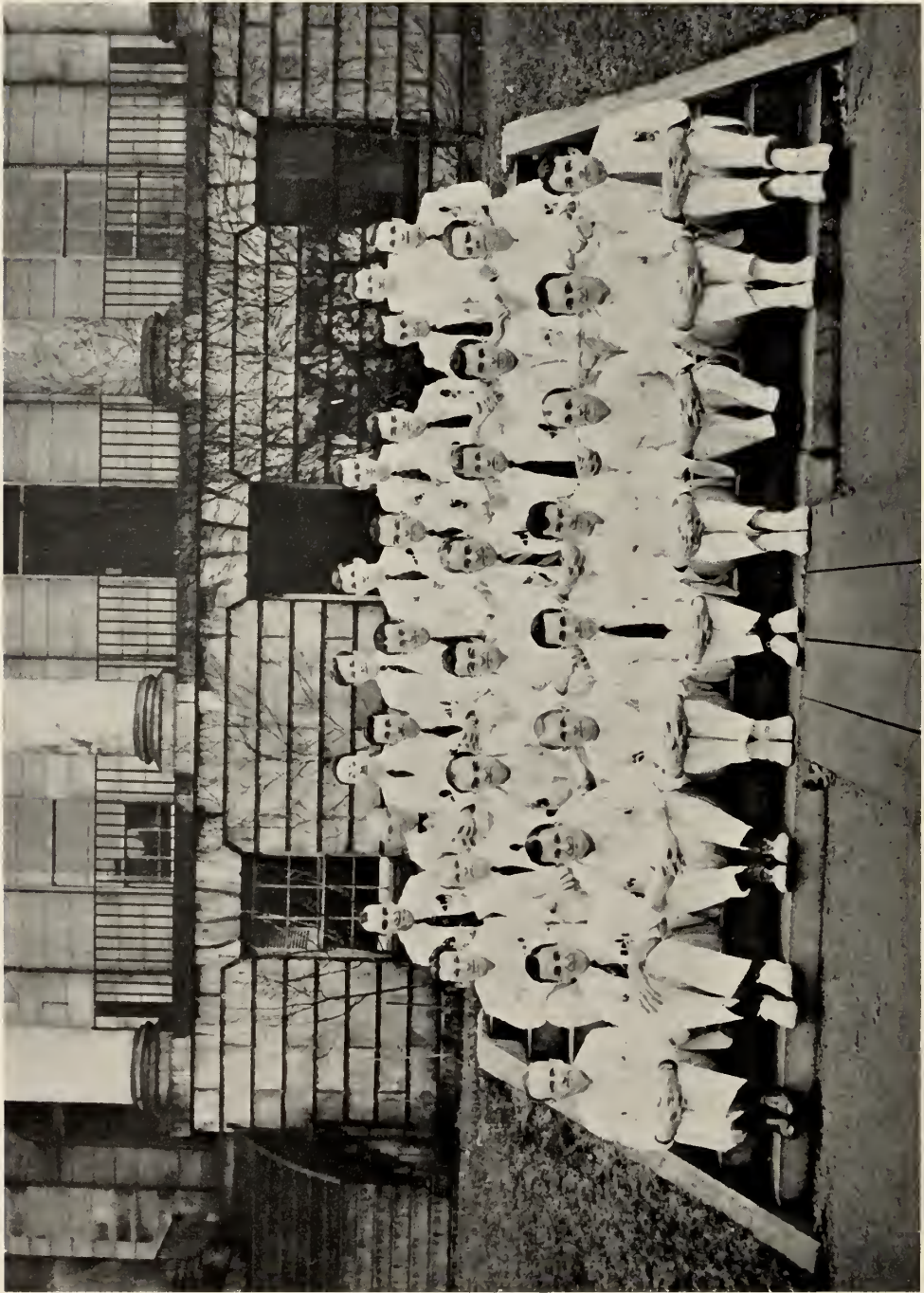
*Dreamy . . . quiet manner . . . cultured . . . refined
. . . sensitive . . . a lady at all times.*



CORINNE BERTHA YANDO

42 Belmont Street
Fitchburg, Mass.

*Always a solution . . . quiet . . . interesting . . .
earnest pleasing . . . ready to help . . . loyal.*



HOUSE OFFICERS — 1940

A Message from the House Officers

The House Staff is happy to have the privilege of extending congratulations to the graduating class, and to wish you all success and happiness in your coming careers in the nursing profession.

We are glad for this opportunity to express our appreciation for your co-operation and assistance. Your efficiency and willingness has made our association pleasant, and has added greatly to the comfort of the patient. Your enthusiasm, your spirit of unselfishness, and desire to help has been stimulating to many a tired House Officer! For the little things as well as for the big things, we wish to thank you—for the errands you ran, for the dressings you finished, for the thousands of little details each day which you graciously performed and for which you were never audibly thanked. In the rush and worry of each day probably little gratitude was expressed for your part well done. We wish to express it now.

You have just completed three years of training which prepares you for your places in the nursing profession. You have carried your responsibilities seriously. And this graduating class has amply demonstrated how well you are fitted for the service which lies ahead. May your future associations with the medical profession be as pleasant as those of the past three years.

FRANCIS INGERSOLL, M.D.



HEAD NURSES OF 1941



A TYPICAL SURGICAL FLOOR

Florence Nightingale Mledge

I solemnly pledge myself before God and in the presence of this assembly to pass my life in purity and to practice my profession faithfully. I will abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous and will not take or knowingly administer any harmful drug. I will do all in my power to elevate the standard of my profession and will hold in confidence all personal matters committed to my keeping, and all family affairs coming to my knowledge in the practice of my calling. With loyalty will I endeavor to aid the physician in his work and devote myself to the welfare of those committed to my care.



... A QUIET STUDY HOUR IN THE SUN-LIT PALMER-DAVIS LIBRARY



. . . THE GLEE CLUB SINGS AT A CHRISTMAS CANDLE LIGHT SERVICE



... THE TOWERING GEORGE ROBERT WHITE BUILDING



... A WINDING BULFINCH STAIRWAY



With crude implements of a day when surgical asepsis was unknown, surgeons operated in a top-floor room in Bulfinch. To their genius and keen minds that room, now known as the Ether Dome, bears witness: "On October 16, 1846, in this room then the operating theatre of the hospital was given the first public demonstration of anaesthesia to the extent of producing insensibility to pain during a serious operation. Sulphuric ether was administered by William Thomas Green Morton, a Boston dentist. The patient was Gilbert Abbott. The operation was the removal of a tumor under the jaw. The surgeon was John Collins Warren. The patient declared that he had felt no pain during the operation and was discharged well December 7. Knowledge of this discovery spread from this room throughout the civilized world and a new era for surgery began."



... dawn of a new day began with the discovery of ether and the tiny germs under the microscope which led to asepsis. The new surgical amphitheatre of the White building affords the contrast between the old and the new ...



MASSACHUSETTS EYE AND EAR INFIRMARY

Eye and Ear Infirmary

Upon the bulletin board were posted four names.
To Eye and Ear they were to go.
So bags were packed and carried
To the most valuable affiliation we know.

Will we ever forget “Room Thirteen”
With beds—high, medium, and low
Out of which we rolled each morning
And started our journey to and fro?

Remember our first class introduction:
A list of “colls”—“know them by morning!”
So in our rooms that night we studied
Myotic-mydriatic-red, black, droppers, until
all we were doing was yawning.

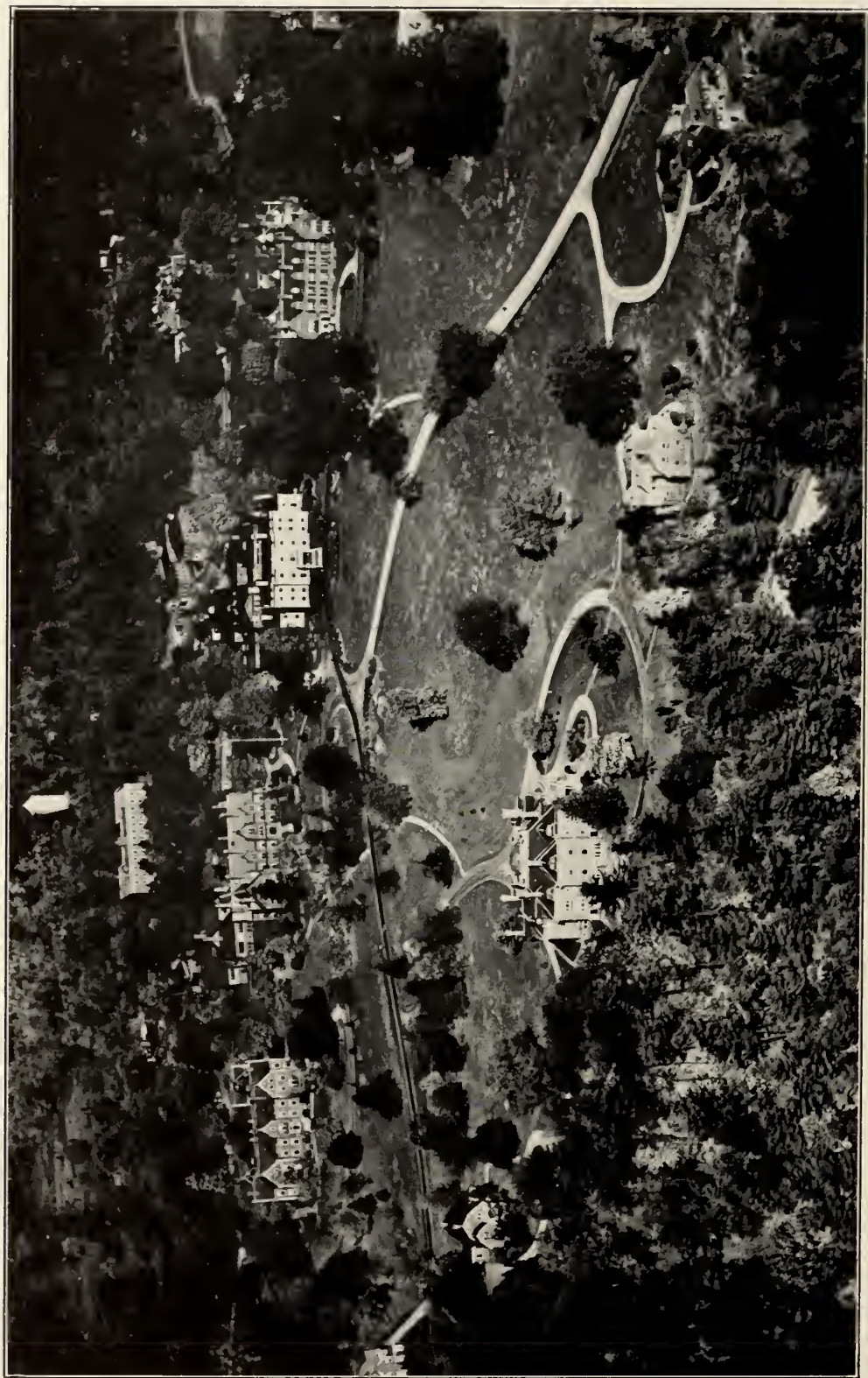
Watch the instructor dip—dip—dip
“That’s all there is to that, you see”
Then in your hands she placed the scissors
But it didn’t seem easy for you and me.

All to Gardner Ward did go.
Hourly irrigations, poultices done.
Upstairs—downstairs, throughout the whole day
Scrubbing, goggles, masks—but enjoyed each one.

Finished with treatments, cleaning and “preps”,
By nine to Clinic or O. R. we’d go,
Some to operate with the eminent K. K.
Others to seek doctors for a patient or so.

After learning many new procedures
Back to the General we were to go.
All very glad of having had this experience
From which we each profited, you know.

B. M.



AIRPLANE VIEW OF McLEAN HOSPITAL

McLean

Did you ever dream of a seemingly intangible Utopia—a place set on the top of a hill, a hill whose winding paths and green rolling lawns lead you past a tiny grey stone chapel, an expansive fairway for golf, past firs and maples, and finally to a settlement of low brick cottages, and large magnificent homes?

If you would like to find the realization of that dream, stop by at McLean—a secluded colony in Waverly.

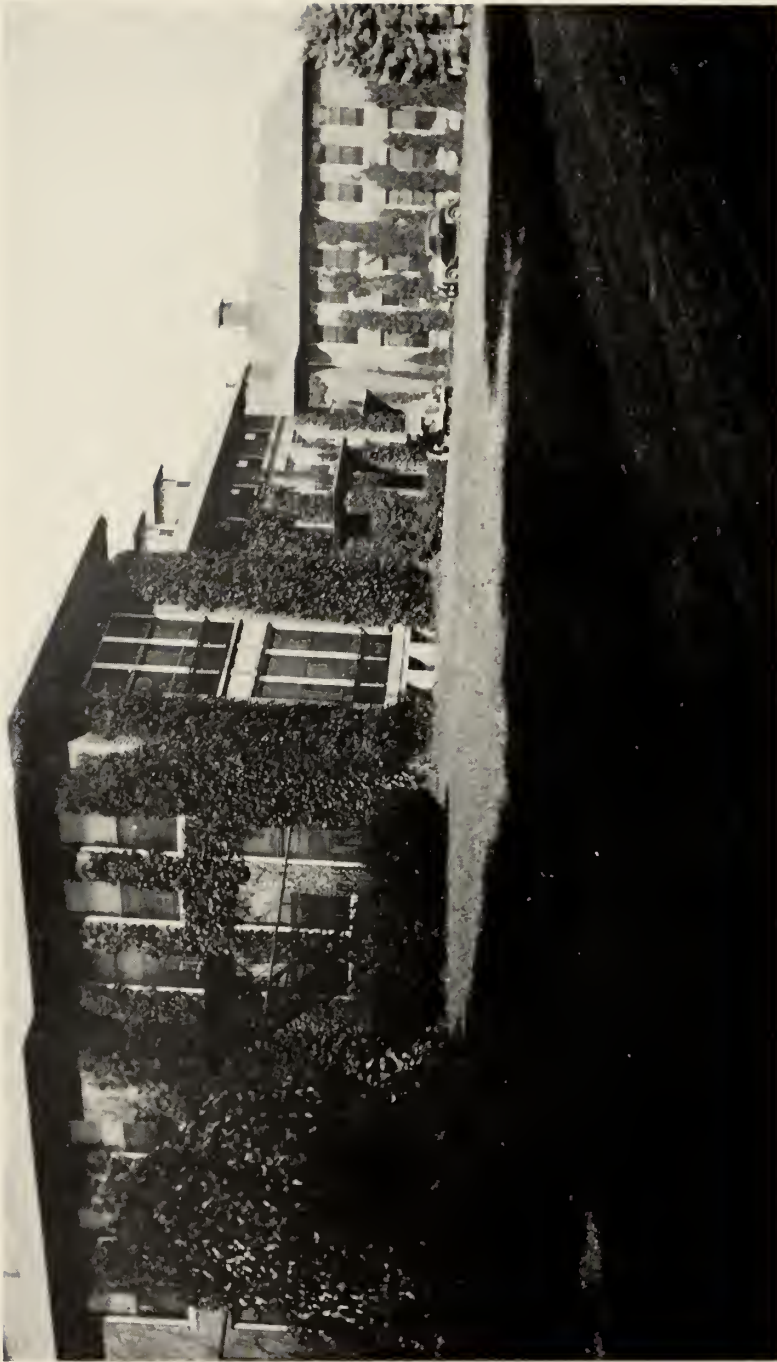
There some of us affiliate for three full and glorious months. We learn the best care of patients suffering from all types of mental disorders. We are also afforded many other opportunities—we learn an appreciation of life itself and enjoyment of the same; we receive an intimate view of human nature and personality; and we have the time to enjoy some of the finer things of this world, such as art, literature and good movies.

We work on Codman, Belknap, Wyman, and in Occupational Therapy, and we live on the third floor alley in Higginson House, where lights are out at ten-thirty each night, to the tune of a cow bell.

There are classes and clinics and books to be read. We attend and participate in the patients' social teas, parties, bridge games and dances. We go for long walks, too; in fact, we spend more than half of some days out of doors enjoying the fresh air and sunshine with our recuperating patients.

Sister McLean, we thank you for your never-ending hospitality, and for the limitless depths of opportunities you have afforded our class!

M. H.



HAYNES MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

Haynes

One page in my book of memories
I always shall reserve
For Haynes Memorial Hospital
May her teachings never swerve!

First East is a din of noise, with whoopers
On the one end and mastoids on the other
And in the middle we would find
Tracheotomy, and intubation, his brother.

Up the stairs to Second East
Where respirators reign,
Where “chicken” and measles barriers
Cause the nurses sighs and pain.

Then over to the West Side
Where Scarlet is the color.
Oh yes, I mean the fever,
The fate of many a feller!

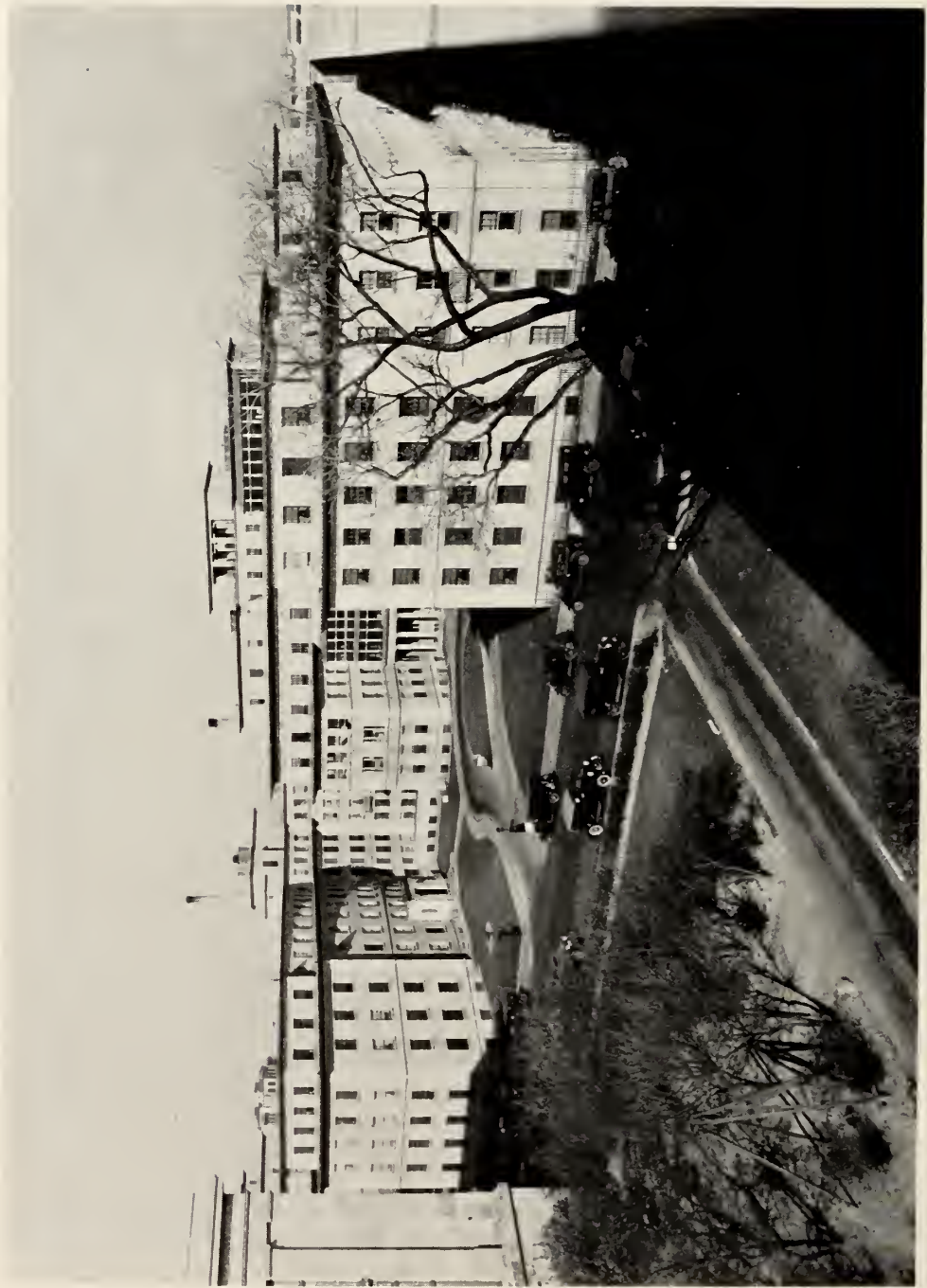
One gown, one cake of soap
Is the rule at Haynes’ West Side.
What difference? It’s the same detention
So we let that matter ride.

For highlights of our stay at Haynes—
We have our Gate House snacks,
Our classes in the O. R.
And those awful mastoid packs!

And too, we have the “wee fluffs”
Who graced our Second East;
And ambulance trips to Natick;
And steak—night nurses’ feast.

I could go on forever
In my memories of Haynes
But this has got to go to print
So I’ll close and sign my name.

R. B.



BOSTON LYING-IN HOSPITAL

Boston Lying-In

“Wah-h-h—E-e-e!” Babies!—at B. L. I.—a period in our student course which arouses all the maternal instinct within us. Fortunate we are—to have the privilege of hearing that gurgle of the normal newborn, the squeal of the premie; of successfully feeding a seemingly stubborn bundle of a mere six pounds, or resuscitating one blue with mucus! Then there was that endless diapering; scrubbing monel metal until one could see just how shiny a weary nurse’s nose could become—not to say having fifteen babies oiled by nine-fifteen (when it takes a mother all morning to do one!)—This was the nursery, where one learned system with a capital “S”.

Then to clinic, where we prayed for good weather, and that our blood pressure rates were the same as those of the Supervisor. New faces, forms gradually changing with each successive visit—bloods, weights, confusion, tired souls (nurses and patients).

Soon we were to see these same young things on the wards, their facial expressions of apprehension changed to joy! Here, the routine was as systematic as that of the nursery—it had to be!

When Seniors—upstairs to Delivery. To many, it meant seeing a baby born for the first time—seeing a new life emerging into this world, leaving the complete protection of its mother, and beginning its existence anew. This, indeed, was a contact with the supernatural.

And the initial baths—the transformation of Scott-tinted, vernix-coated bodies into beautiful, immaculately clean, babies!

Radios, showers, cokes, breakfast book, and the rush for first meals—all a part of but three short months!

A. P.

J. C.



The Assisting Student

At twelve-thirty ward duty becomes history, and after a few hours of off duty filled with awed anticipation—four o'clock brings a new life—the other side of the fence is in view, and with it that cherished bit of black velvet. . . .

There is nothing that will equal walking down the corridor this first afternoon—feeling the turn of other heads looking at these already much, much turned heads. . . .



Have you ever started the day at seven a.m. with the sunshine in your heart and then discovered ten hours later that you feel and look like a very ancient laborer whose only bright light is a turned down bed?



Could it be because. . .

"Not on my collar!!! I just curled it last night!!!

"This week-end I'll get a permanent. . . ." Or—

"Scissors? oh, scissors,

well, I lost them, you see, and I only have a quarter. . . ." "They do hang a bit too long, don't they?—Sew them?—oh, sew them."

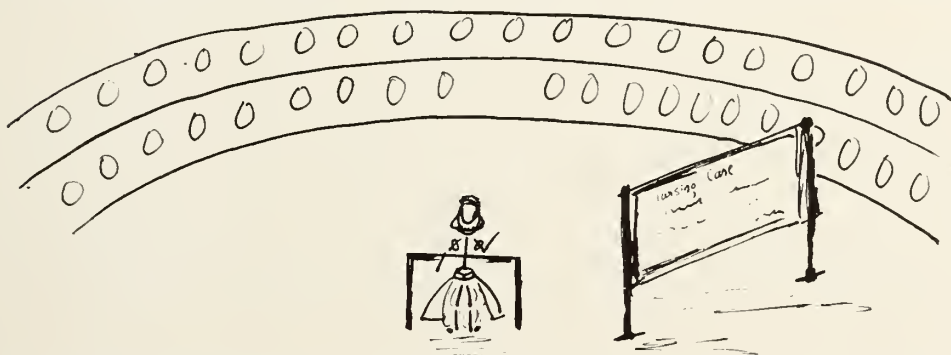


Or you might try carrying through the corridors and up, up, up the stairs so much equipment that is really, after all is said and done, only carried back—through the corridors and down, down, down the stairs to where it was before you started. . . .



"Where did you put the hot water bottle!!! Was it on the inventory? Then trot it back up again!" . . . oh dear. . . .

But there's nothing like that first teaching . . . the aching sweat-producing terror that preceeds it . . . the exciting delight of actual teaching . . . the



complacency that follows the lesson . . . and later on, the eagerness to do it again, perhaps a different way, a better way. . . .

Then again there is nothing like the shock of walking through a door held open for you, even though a furtive look to the rear for that never failing figure in white dampens the spark of ego. . . . No doubt it is just as well, wouldn't you say?



And then there are the other good things like good tea with the very best people at very opportune times . . . and the stories, funny stories . . . and the chances to listen to troubles and work out answers . . . and the watching others in order to learn the right way of doing this and that. . . . And because there is nothing like it, you again start out at seven a.m. with the sunshine in your heart. . . .



There's Something You Know . . .

There's something, you know, about public health nursing. . . .

We were thrilled when we found Miss Fisher's note in the postoffice . . . registration day at Simmons was joy itself. But the day we set out to find our respective district stations our happiness was mingled with—well, who likes “first days?”

What a peculiarly grand feeling to pick up our own black bags, so shiny and bright, with a closet-full of equipment cleverly and neatly arranged in them! Such astonishment—and awe—when after one morning's observation with the staff nurses the supervisor assigned our own patients to us!

We visited alone from that first afternoon until several weeks later when our supervisor came out with us. By this time we had become so well oriented that our fears of supervision had been, er—at least partially—subdued.

We visited all kinds of patients—children, young people, their elders; chronically ill and surgical patients, children with communicable diseases. We gave baths, enemas, irrigations. We helped diabetics in control of their disease and in happy adjustment. We tried to guide prospective mothers, helping plan for the baby's arrival and future care. “Third week visits” were a great delight—our cue for bathing the “new” baby and sharing in the young mother's enthusiasm and love.

We struggled with those who spoke little or no English; we saw those whose lives are dominated by fears, superstition, and poverty; we were sometimes confronted with indifference, resentfulness and open hostility. But again we found simple, intelligent, gracious people with good manners and taste, ambitions, and attractive homes, in which we were received with kindness and gracious hospitality.

We shall always remember the courteous attentions paid us by the police officer and the street car conductor; the shrill “Hi, nurse,” of the children; the soft-spoken, “Good morning, nurse,” of older passers-by; the teasing, “Nurse, I've got a headache,” of young boys on street corners. We chuckle at certain reminiscences: our attempts to find our way in unknown districts; boarding a crowded street car and laden with a Boston bag, a baking lamp, a book and an umbrella; classes at Simmons; the strange delicacies we

had to accept in certain not-to-clean homes; the odd family secrets given in confidence. There was too, sleeping until 7:15 a.m.; an hour off for lunch; off duty at 5 p.m.; occasional free week-ends.

These two months on the district have sent us back to our hospital with a real appreciation of the patient's individuality, a little more understanding of the medico-social problems in our communities and the tremendous challenge in public health nursing. We learned something new every day—and had fun doing it!

Thanks to the Community Health Association for this marvelous experience!

J. F.



A Peep into the Future---

ATTENTION, ALL NURSES!

CONFERENCE AT THE HOTEL BERKLEY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

NOVEMBER 20, 19—

TOPIC—“*Women's Part in National Defense*”

Being in charge of the Massachusetts Mobile Casualty Unit I was elected to be their delegate. Not caring to travel alone, I called “Gert” Moynihan, who was in charge of Stillman Infirmary at Harvard. Owing to the great number of indisposed medical students she felt obliged to remain, but by some miracle, she was able to catch the plane on which I was leaving.

Flying to New York, our trip was by no means exciting. In fact, we were rather skeptical as to what was in store for us.

Boarding a plane to Chicago at LaGuardia Field, my eye caught sight of a most attractive air-hostess who was busily engaged in deep conversation with an Army Officer and on second glance who should it be but Barbara Edward.

The next day we went over to the Berkley Hotel to register and then to the lecture hall where the lectures were in progress. Among the speakers on the platform were—Ernie Hughes, who is now a First Lieutenant in the Army, heading the Nurses’ Corps at Fort Dix, New Jersey, “Bunny” White who is teaching Home Defense and Practical Nursing back on the east coast, the former Mary Hayes, now Mrs. T. who had come all the way from Trinidad to speak on “Keeping up the Morale of the Wives of Men in Active Air Duty”, Louise Tennberg, who is Associate Editor of the National American Journal of Nursing, Avis Forand, a Captain and head of the Women’s Air Corps.

After the series of lectures everyone filed in their respective groups to the Dining Room. Much to our pride and joy, M.G.H. was well represented, as the majority of the units were lead by our classmates. There were the Pink Ladies lead by Andy Mears, Ambulance Corps lead by Celia Krasnogor, First Aid Unit lead by Gay Willy.

Later, after a most enjoyable evening spent at the theater, Gert and I took a taxi back to the hotel. Unfortunately, as Gert was stepping from the taxi to the curb, she had the misfortune to slip and sprain her ankle badly. She was assisted by the doorman to an ante-room where First Aid was administered by Doctor P. and his wife and nurse, the former Barbara Farr. Doctor P. recommended that the next day an x-ray be taken at the Chicago General Hospital. As we entered, we heard, “Why Gert Moynihan and Elaine Tenney! What are you doing here?” Turning toward the voice we

saw Muriel Grosvenor. She was the X-ray Technician. Later we casually heard that she stood high in her chosen profession.

As the conference drew to a close, and Gert was again able to walk, we decided not to end our most enjoyable trip here. So we started further West, hoping to locate some more of our former classmates. We flew from Chicago to Yellowstone Park.

While sipping a Coca Cola and watching the sunset over the Grand Canyon, whom should we see stroll by but the former Jean Coady, now Mrs. C. She informed us that Inez Cardinali was married to F. and living in Brookline. No, she was not working.

From there we went to Seattle, Washington, and learned that Jean Hadley had the "Go West Young Woman, Go West" desire and was now head of the Public Health Service there. After a long chat with her, she informed us that Mary MacDonald was teaching sciences in a hospital in upper New York City. Also working there was "Kitty" Carr, in charge of the Operating Room, and Elva McQuade, a Head Nurse. We also heard that Irene Brase had gone to Oregon and was teaching Psychiatry in one of the larger hospitals.

Leaving the State of Washington, we travelled south to San Francisco, where whom should we meet while walking through Chinatown but Betty Stevens! She was doing Public Health work among the Chinese. Also working there were Chris Cox and Charlotte O'Neil. Chatting with busy people we learned that Marge Chase had gone back to college in Michigan to finish her Medical Course; Carmela Bruno was doing Public Health work in New Haven and was engaged to be married; that Mary Heney was now married to her "Bob", and Mary Maloney to her "Bill". They then insisted upon our calling on Anne Ford, now the Countess Von B. Her husband is President of an Airway Corporation. Anne told us that Freddi Doliber was married to Dr. A., a specialist in gynecology.

As I had not seen my brother for several years, it was decided to leave by boat to visit him at Fort Randolph, which is located in the Canal Zone. Upon our arrival he insisted that we visit the Army Hospital at Christabol. Superintendent of Nurses we found to be First Lieutenant Dotty Browne. Also working there were First Lieutenants Cynthia Brott, Jean Cooper, Ethel Davis and Anne Gillooly.

At a party that evening we were greatly honored to meet Captain Dunnan, who was in charge of the Naval Hospital in Coca Sola. He offered his services as guide on a tour of the hospital. Here again M.G.H. was well represented: Helen Graham, Laboratory Technician; Marie Macy, Barbara Munroe, Earlene Nelson, X-ray Technicians.

After a most enjoyable four days we left by Pan American Airways and flew to Miami. On the beach at Miami we found Joan Bird, now Mrs. T., basking in the sun. She told us that Betty Buckley was head-nursing at

the Miami Hospital and that Alice Dempsey was in charge of the Pediatric Service there.

That evening at the Club Bali, seated at an adjoining table were Air Hostesses Anne McGillicuddy and Ruth Newcomb. From them we learned that Ruth Smith had just left Miami to return to the West Indies where she will do obstetrical nursing.

As we boarded a train to Kentucky we were greeted by Ginny Watts, hostess. After registering at the hotel, we got in touch with Helen Engert, head of the State Board of Nursing Examiners. From her we learned that Norma Nesmith was doing Public Health Work in the Kentucky Hills, assisted by Mary Dwyer.

After visiting here a few days, we left for New York where we stopped off to visit Pris Farrar, who is now married to Franky. We then returned to Boston. So much had happened on our trip that we planned a little party, so that those who preferred to remain at M.G.H. might know what the others were doing. In our group were Lillian Halekas, Supervisor of Psychiatric Nursing; Olive Hohl, Operating Room Supervisor; Alex Passios, of Baker Memorial Nursing Office; Muriel Settle, Assistant to the Superintendent of Nurses; Helen Watters, Admitting Office Supervisor; and Phil Simpson, Out-Patient Department Supervisor.

E. T.

The Unexpected Happens ---

Member of Nursing Office meets student with curls piled high!
Permission is given for a two-day change day!
Student wearing ankle socks meets Miss Sleeper!

Wouldn't It be Wonderful If —

night nurses had class time made up?
everyone were weighed on "Weight Day"?
the narcotic count were always right?
night nurses' conferences were eliminated?
we stayed in one room longer than two months at a time?
all schools had a Miss Fraser?

First Nighter's Revue

Arsenic and Old Lace	East House at McLean
Banjo Eyes	first operation
The Little Foxes	supervisors
A Yank in the R. A. F.	Little Float
Smilin' Thru	probe "daze"
Man Power	duty on B3
Secrets of the Lone Wolf	night nurse on G.
The Feminine Touch	M.G.H. backrub
Great Guns	inspection day
Suspicion	wrong narcotic count
You'll Never Get Rich	doing floor duty
Dr. Jeckyl and Mr. Hyde	uniform and street clothes
Buck Privates	probes
Dawn Patrol	morning rounds of night supervisors
Escape	a week without relief
Private Worlds	life at M.G.H.
Flight Command	post-op. orders
Hold Back the Dawn	after the Senior Ball
Sons O' Fun	underclassmen
Nothing But The Truth	letter to Miss Johnson
Swamp(ed) Woman	overflowed sterilizer
Dressed to Kill	uniform inspection
All Over Town	a date with a House Officer
The Women	Wh7 and Wh8
International Squadron	housemen
Riders of the Purple Sage	in White Building Elevators
Birth of the Blues	rising at 6:00 A.M.
The Reluctant Dragon	starting inspection work
Unfinished Business	Wh8 with 9:30-1:00 off
Flying Blind	first "first scrub" in O. R.
When Ladies Meet	7:00 P.M.

M. G.
R. S.



Who ---

called from Ward G to ask for someone to sit with a probable Allen Street?
washed a patient's teeth with shaving cream?
converted her room at B. L. I. into a kennel?
originated the idea that hearts and kidneys from the Anatomy Lab. made
good bedfellows?
reported that a clysis was "running into the tissues"?
used a full tank of CO₂ in one hour to cure hiccoughs?

Famous Quotations

R. Rantakangas . . . "I'm going to ask for—"
D. James . . . "You're a bird"
S. Jarek . . . "What do you get for it?"
E. Nason . . . "I'm so sorry, but I've got to study"
M. Smith . . . "I'm ripping!"
C. Parker . . . "Did you r-e-a-l-l-y?"
R. Scalora . . . "Honey!!!"
V. Chase . . . "If I had known I could have got some extra men"
M. Hayes . . . "Hey, you know what?"
C. Briggs . . . "W-e-l-l, i-t's t-h-i-s w-a-y"
C. Krasnogor . . . "Hello, darlink"
W. Zeller . . . "Goin' on a diet tomorrow"
H. Robinson . . . "I'm getting out of here now"

Head Nurse—"Will you make a
doughnut for Mrs. B. in the East
Wing?"

Student—"Sorry, I haven't had
dietetics yet."

There was a little girl
She had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead—
She wasn't a nurse!

One Back

vs.

Three Nurses

To whom it may concern:—

The following case is the fruition of a dutiful resolution made by said nurse while abed on Bulfinch 3, to rid the metropolis of the “scrimy, scrimpy, dreamy, drippy” vertebral masseuse.

The whole affair started one fair morning, when I, still in the arms of Morpheus, to the plea of a tired, timid Prob, very innocently but evidently quite audibly said—“Why, of course not—please do!” I later learned her request had been, “Do you mind (if I practice)?” With heavy bone-rimmed glasses, a strained and studious stare, mumbling my diagnosis somewhat coherently, she set to work—. Methodically, dutifully she labored with the equipment—bottles, jars, cans, towels, and all within my cubicle boundaries—incredible! Patiently, tenderly, she tickled my spine—up and down, in and around. Ah, this time ’tis heaven sure, I thought and with be-numbed feelings and dimming senses, I went off to dream the rest.

At two p.m. I viewed a wise and worldly 2nd year student at my bedside. She bore a single bottle and can, and nonchalantly quizzed—“A back-rub, yes or no?” With my morning rub still in mind, I answered, “Mais oui!” Now here was a nurse with generosity for a motto—. A rub generous with alcohol, yet devoid of elbow grease was to follow. The fluid flowed leisurely over “ridge and rill”. Ah, this was America the land of plenty! But how my qualms did heighten when I thought of the complications which might ensue—. Would it be otitis media? chafing of the popliteal space? aspiration of borated alcohol? silicosis? or a plain, honest to goodness chill? She left me abruptly to find my own answer.

And when at six p.m. I cautiously moved to the busy, bustling senior’s command, “Roll over, please, your backrub!”, I could not help but shiver in anticipation—. But, now economy had come to the fore—. This time there was but a bottle, and apparently this nurse used the minim system—. One dab at the neck, one at the 4th lumbar vertebra, and one drop on the coccyx—admirable conservatism, I thought. How like a senior—three years of watching resources had brought her to this—.

At last I rolled over—a day well spent, I decided, but why can’t we get this procedure on a union basis—with a fixed amount of powder, alcohol, energy, and time!

H. R.

M. MacD.

A Round Robin Letter

Started Jan. 1, 1952.

Hello, Round Robin Reader:—

“This is Ruth Bartlett writing. Really, I haven’t had a moment since I became night supervisor at the General. I find that, as usual, Lois Woodbury held the letter up for a month as she had a new class of preclinical students at the Worcester Memorial Hospital. Speaking of Worcester, Helen Robinson, now Mrs. B. of course, is conducting a day nursery with the able assistance of Evvy Gates. I see Beth Davis and Elna Carlson often, as they are private duty nurses at the Phillips House. From them I learned that Ginny Hussey and Phil Smith returned from Columbia with their M.A.’s and are about to assume their new duties in the Nursing Office. I made a general tour of the new Research Wing yesterday, where I found the supervisor to be Julia Sarad. She told me that Gladys Willard had realized her ambition, and was chief laboratory technician. Oh, I almost forgot about our new ambulance corps connected with the Emergency Ward, of which Lieutenant Doris James is the able head. In this system, quick-witted nurses are assigned to, and accompany the House Officers on, each ambulance trip. To help her, Doris chose Lilla Sheldon and Bea Bennett. So you can see why we are proud of our great medical and surgical center. So much for us in Boston—off we go to Wanda Zeller in the West. . . .”

“To follow on, folks, Madeleine Curtis is Chief Nurse Anesthetist here at the University of Iowa, while I strive to direct Obstetrics. I recently heard from Doris Swanson who is M-G-M’s studio nurse in Hollywood. She is eagerly awaiting the arrival of Bebe Jarek and Karin Saarinen, who have already started westward in pursuit of a similar position, both having been recently released from the Army. Incidentally, have you read Margaret Landdowne’s latest book, “Nursing Adventures in Alaska”? It is a best seller in nursing circles here. Well, girls, I am sending this to Carolyn Parker, who is doing Public Health work in St. Petersburg, Fla. . . .”

“As I write this, Anne Schilling is at my elbow adding newsy bits. Just learned from the Quarterly Record that Jo Ferrara is Supervisor of the West End Health Unit, and that Kay Manter drives her car about the rural areas of Maine. Frannie McMorran is taking advanced courses at Henry Street Settlement. I suppose you know that Ray Rantakangas is the proud mother of twin boys this month. Barbara Dooley has been chief nurse at the Pensa-

cola Station Hospital, and only the other day she wrote me that Rusty Chase was married and living in Philadelphia. On we go to Trudy Nason. . . .”

“What a busy time I have had being congratulated upon my election to the presidency of the Michigan State League of Nursing Education. Among my well wishers came Rose Scalora, who informed that she had just received a legacy from a former patient! Now she is making preparations for her coming marriage. Speaking of marriage, Rose also told me that Marie Smith is a happy young matron in a vine-covered cottage in Braintree. Well, girls, it might seem that this letter were at the end of its journey. But no! It goes to a far corner of the globe to Cleora Briggs, in South Africa. I think we have everyone included, and what a thrill Cleora will experience for the short recess from her rehabilitation work. . . .”

C. Y. B.

H. R.



The Value of Knowledge

When just a probe
In uniform of blue
I learned just how—
And what to do.

Then when “capped”,
I reached the heights
That one attains
While “on nights”.

Soon after, “checks”,
—Here’s the rub—
I crashed the O.R.
And learned to scrub.

To B.L.I.—Yes—
It’s really true—
The number of diapers
One small baby runs thru!

At Eye and Ear
Drops have their place
In the eye
Not on the face.

Next, “senior bands”
The crowning glory—
But that begins
Another story.

So I’ve learned all this
And much more too—
But in an emergency
What good’s it do?

It’s almost seven (a.m.)
And duties call
Footsteps grow dim
’Way down the hall—

My heart skips a beat—
Fear chills my blood—
For where on earth
Is my apron stud?

C. K.

In Our Book of Memories



Our 10:30 curfew; “oh, well, the pupil can take relief;” those beach parties at Lynn; trying to get off-duty time at B.L.I.; those brisk morning walks from Charles St.; creepy nights on Wd. G when the sprinkler set itself off; eight multips and one nurse in the B.L.I. labor room; probie finals; those ticklish girls in massage classes; the elevator doors in the O.R. (the little man who wasn’t there); “Little Robbie”; one flatiron, three nurses, 9:45 P.M.; relief on good old C & D; moving; Mr. Minnie’s cokes; rounds at B.L.I.; that sprint for the door just as midnight strikes.

R. B.

Can You Picture:-

M.G.H. without Bulfinch; night duty without morning clinics; Wanda on a reduction diet; Gladys Willard full of pep; Marie Smith not quarreling with Rip; Rusty a brunette; Briggsie in a rush; Bennett and Sheldon not going to Rockland; Elna without a polka; Evie Gates happy all day; Bebe Jarek not griping; Barbara Dooley without makeup; Madeleine Curtis not in love; Joe Ferrara without a smile; Mary Maloney without a meeting; 10:30, all lights out; Krasnogor without her antics; Kay Manter shouting; B3 without oxygen tents; Karen Saarinen without her "strabismus"; Bunny White unkind; Mary Mac without an audience; Charlotte O'Neil doing the boogey-woogey; Mary Dwyer with long hair; Olive Hohl without a smile; Ruth Newcomb without her baby talk; Gladys Willard making a racket; Mary Hayes not saying "Huh?"; E. W. quiet and serene; new nurse's home to replace Thayer; Wh8 without hysterectomy patients; Wh10 without a catheter; Thayer classroom without Mary Chase; 3:00-4:00 in the afternoon without tea and cookies; inspection day without a 9:30-1:00 and the utility room; not having to write case studies and clinics; not checking your procedure book; the front desk at night without Mr. Connors; Miss Bowen disinterested in anatomy; Miss Frazer not "bustling" around; Miss Kempf without class schedules; Ginny Hussey housecleaning; Lois Woodbury ready for work at 6:30 A.M.; Trudy Nason not studying; Rusty Chase worried; Gert Moynihan hurrying; Mary Heney *not* the glamor girl; Jean Coady not stewing; Freddi Doliber weighing in at 150; Mary Maloney without a date; Helen Engert not anxious to attend Symphony.



Those Melodies . . .

Tonight We Love	graduation night
I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire	boiling a catheter set
Blue Champagne	Benedict's solution
Be Honest With Me	visit with Miss Johnson
Piano Concerto	thanks to Dr. Roos
You and I	first and second scrub in the O.R.
Green Eyes	dining room graduation
Jealousy	the probes' long Sundays
There'll Be Some Changes Made . .	B.L.I. nursery
Boogie-Woogie	McLean
One O'Clock Jump	night nurses' serenade
Kiss the Boys Goodbye	entering training
Lullaby and Good Night	night duty on Pediatrics
Three O'Clock in the Morning . .	senior float's goodnight
Dinner at Eight	O. R. duty
Why Don't We Do This More Often	vacation
Night and Day	E.W. front desk
I'm Getting Sentimental Over You .	last month in training
Angel in Disguise	night nurse
I Belong to You	M.G.H.
What word is Sweeter than Sweetheart	P.M.
Temptation	dishing out ice cream on the ward
What Do You Know, Joe?	final exams
Because	reason for staying out after 12
Shine	those black shoes
So Do I	still have a case study to do
Nickel Serenade	who has two nickels for a dime?
By the Light of the Silvery Moon . .	moonlight sail
Sweet Moments	off duty
Sympathy	for those on THE bench
Where or When	did I last see my instruction book?
My Feet's Too Big	after relief
Lovely to Look At	our new white uniforms



Class Will

We, the Class of 1942, of the Massachusetts General Hospital School of Nursing, having lived through training and being of unsound mind and body, do hereby set down in this, our last Will and Testament, what we, after deep and thoughtful consideration, do deem proper and fitting:

TO the class of 1943, we give and bequeath the fun and learning contained within the portals of our hospital, and the reverence and respect which is its rightly heritage.

TO Miss Nancy Fraser we bequeath one month's leave of absence to be spent on strict bed rest, cared for by all her "children".

FOR future interviewers, we leave an upholstered bench for the hall by Miss Johnson's office, for them to sit on while fidgetting.

TO Miss Johnson we leave a permanently dusted stool in Walcott House Classroom.

TO all incoming probie classes we leave the indisputable evidence that "we did it—and you can do it too"!

TO Ward G we leave the best interior decorator we can find, and after that we will continue to engage him for some time.

To Mr. Connors we leave an electric eye.

TO Baker student night nurses, a permanent A.W.O.L. pass from 8 a.m. clinics.

TO Baker Nursing Office twelve large bottles of red ink, to be distributed to the students who persistantly chart clinics in blue ink.

TO the Head Nurses, a radio button which will snap on and say, "Have you checked everything, charted your baths and your fluids?"

TO the House Officers, a fund which will enable them to celebrate change day festivities in even grander style than that to which they are accustomed.

TO the doctors in general, a course in legible penmanship in 10 easy lessons.

TO B.L.I., a newly developed contrivance which automatically "diapers" babies painlessly and noiselessly—well, almost.

TO the Pediatric relief nurses we are leaving a time clock, to be punched with assurance of pay—time and a half—for overtime.

TO Mrs. Atherton we leave a remote control button which will open Walcott front door from the desk.

TO members of all classes who may some day become Head Nurses we leave mimeographed copies, suitable for framing, "I too was once a student".

TO the "Corky" we love, we send what we think she wants.

TO the night nurses we leave a 1942 edition of “Fanny Farmer Cook Book”.

TO Miss Viden, an elastic order for a huge and varied amount of food for Walcott House.

TO Charles St. we leave a little errand boy, who likes to run up and down the ramp.

TO Dr. Wilson we send an automatic I.V. putter-inner.

TO Dr. Sweeney we leave a southern accent to complete the picture.

TO Dr. Quimby we leave anything but a bow tie.

Going from the general to the specific—the individual members of our class wish to make the following personal bequests—

TO future classes Briggsy leaves her plans for her home for Feeble Minded Children, because of the national emergency.

TO those interested Rusty Chase leaves Six Easy Lessons—but you’d better not perform in public until approved.

TO each of you Ann Schilling leaves a membership in the Skiing Club.

TO future glamour girls Evvy Gates leaves her hair-do!

TO all those in need, Kay Manter leaves her lovely complexion so that Miss Fraser’s trips to Skin Clinic will be less frequent.

TO the seniors Caroline Parker leaves the bridge to Tech.

TO all Jitter-bugs Lilla Sheldon leaves her flying feet.

TO all those that struggle Lois Woodbury leaves her perfect curls.

TO some deserving under-grad, Mary Maloney leaves her inestimable efficiency and neatness.

TO make fast friends Mary Dwyer leaves her ability.

TO some one “made of sterner stuff” Jo Ferrara leaves her diet.

TO some poor timid soul Barbie Munroe leaves a piece of her determined chin.

TO someone, Celia Krasnoger’s wit, since it is uncontrollable, we cannot control its destination.

TO some future student who is trying to explain that after-midnight return, Gert Moynahan leaves her ability to tell time by the moon.

TO those going no place, but fast, Jean Coady leaves her ability.

TO all under-grads C. Bruno leaves “anniversary celebrations”.

TO all Irene Brase leaves the gleam in her eye and we hope you enjoy it as much as we did.

Betty Buckley very generously allows the preclinicals the privilege of growing up to meet her tall and mighty men.

K. C.
J. B.



Three Years Tale . . .

'Twas a cold day in Winter, when probies, we came
To old M.G.H., whose tradition and fame
Made us eager to add there the R.N. to our name.
First there was tea in Walcott so spacious,
And then a class with Miss Johnson, so gracious.
At Charles Street our classmates and Big Sisters assembled,
At their tales of our future, we sat there and trembled.

We soon met Miss Smith, so kind and inspiring;
Miss Evers so poised; and Miss Cartland so untiring;
Mrs. Bourgeois, whose sciences we soon were acquiring.
On a tour of inspection we readily found
How hard it would be to learn our way around.
After weeks of hard work and anticipation
Came the day we were capped, a great celebration.

On the wards we made quite the best beds ever seen,
Our procedures were perfect; upper classmen turned green
With envy because we were so poised and serene (?)
But amidst all the work of preclinical days
There were gala affairs quite deserving of praise.
The gay lanterns lighting old Bulfinch lawn
Made us wish the June Formal would last until dawn.

Of course, best was the Ether Day of '39,
When in newly donned checks and with eyes all ashine
We proudly displayed our new building so fine.
Imagine an icebag, without cracking the ice—
Just a note to C. S. R.—that would suffice!
The Alumnae presented a gift we admire
The portrait of our principal, in her hospital attire.

At the Candlelight Service, the Rotunda was abright
With candles, which cast an ethereal light,
While the girls of the Glee Club sang "O Holy Night".
The spirit of Christmas could be seen at a glance
If you happened to come to the holiday dance.
After the holidays, affiliations were started,
And from many dear friends, for the first time we parted.

From B.L.I., Eye and Ear, Haynes and McLean
We were glad when at last back to Walcott we came.
For moving for us was no longer a game.
How happy we were when the great day arrived
That we wore senior bands for which we'd long strived.
Our future now held in store numerous things:
There were pictures, and plans; for some, engagement rings.

Baccalaureate! Senior ball! At last, Graduation!
Our M.G.H. training a perfect foundation
For our lives, as in white we go each to her station!

D. J. and V. C.





Autographs





Autographs



Undergraduate Directory

CLASS OF 1943

Felicita Boselli, Italy
Patricia Campbell, Greenfield, Mass.
Alice Chase, West Rutland, Vermont
Helen Chwalek, Lawrence, Mass.
Virginia Durning, Manchester, N. H.
Ingeborg Grosser, Melrose Highlands, Mass.
Gertrude Hall, Ridlonville, Mass.
Marion Hamelin, Georgetown, Mass.
Virginia Hanlon, Winthrop, Mass.
Dorothy Hansen, Maynard, Mass.
Marguerite Hartnett, Marlboro, Mass.
Margot Jeffries, Lynn, Mass.
Mildred Johnson, So. Easton, Mass.
Antoinette Kaminski, Taunton, Mass.
Genevieve Koziol, Ludlow, Vermont
Mary McCumiskey, Allston, Mass.
Martha Metcalf, Hamden, Conn.
Helen Middleditch, Barnveld, N. Y.
Barbara Mulvanity, Nashua, N. H.
Marjorie Murray, Dover, N. H.
Ruth Murray, So. Attleboro, Mass.
Mary Nickerson, Daytona Beach, Fla.
Margaret O'Brien, Hudson, N. Y.
Elizabeth O'Loughlin, A.B., Woonsocket,
R. I.
Priscilla Powers, Gloucester, Mass.
Emma Rice, Wilbraham, Mass.
Gertrude Richards, Topsfield, Mass.
Jeanne Ross, Somerville, Mass.
Mary Sheehan, Taunton, Mass.
Dorothy Smith, Athol, Mass.
Marie Steele, W. Springfield, Mass.
Sara Striga, So. Attleboro, Mass.
Mary Wallace, Rochester, N. H.
Erma Welker, Ashland, Wisconsin
Ann Barrett, Concord, N. H.
Mary A. Barron, Salem Depot, N. H.
Betty Brewer, Damariscotta, Me.
Jessie Brown, B. A., Ossining, N. Y.
Ruth Brown, Belmont, Mass.
Elaine Bruce, Amenia, N. Y.
Helen Burns Brookline, Mass.
Kathleen Burpee, Manchester, N. H.
Veronica Byrne, E. Boston, Mass.
Jacquelin Cape, Cambridge, Mass.
Rita Carr, Newport, N. H.
Evelyn Cooney, Glen Ridge, N. J.
Edith Dasey, Newton Highlands, Mass.
Mary DeWolf, Ph.B., Warren, R. I.
Gertrude Dowling, Manchester, N. H.
Helen Finn, Rochester, N. Y.
Ethel Gardner, Nantucket, Mass.
Nettie Garrison, A.B., Lawrence, Mass.
Aldona Gelus, Webster, Mass.
Elizabeth Glover, Stoughton, Mass.
Mary Hathaway, West Hartford, Conn.
Christine Hogan, Sharon, Mass.
Evelyn Husson, Springfield, Mass.
Doris Johnson, B.A., Concord, N. H.
Pauline Johnson, Meredith, N. H.
Ruth Johnston, Brighton, Mass.
Helen Krasnecki, No. Chelmsford, Mass.
Mary LoGuidice, Brockton, Mass.
Mary Malone, Jamaica Plain, Mass.
Shirley Mansfield, Wakefield, Mass.
Madeline McCormack, Quincy, Mass.
Clara Miller, Ogden, Utah
Barbara Moulton, Medford, Mass.
Elizabeth Mucica, Little Falls, N. Y.
Elaine Noyes, Brockton, Mass.
Stella O'Mara, E. Millinocket, Me.
Minnie Oosting, Muskegon, Mich.
Mariane Orvis, Dubuque, Iowa
Barbara Parsons, New Castle, Penna.
Jeanne Parant, Melrose, Mass.
Mary Quinn, Sudbury Center, Mass.
Jean Roberts, Bridgeport, Conn.
Doris Robitaille, Southampton, Mass.
Martha Seaworth, Langdon, N. D.
Constance Smith, Melrose, Mass.
June Stewart, No. Providence, R. I.
Jane Strickland, Rockfall, Conn.
Cleopatra Stylianos, Nashua, N. H.
Emily Sullivan, Arlington, Mass.
Margaret Thomas, Stoddard, N. H.
Rita Timms, Boston, Mass.
Constance Warner, B.A., Oberlin, Ohio

Undergraduate Directory

CLASS OF 1944

- Aino Berg, Wellesley, Mass.
Bettie Boyce, Burlington, Vt.
Anne Bucheri, Salem Center, N. H.
Anna Budzyna, E. Douglas, Mass.
Ruth Burgess, Manchester, Mass.
Blair Cassell, Pawtucket, R. I.
June Cassells, Buzzards Bay, Mass.
Priscilla Cole, Gloucester, Mass.
Mary Connor, Dorchester, Mass.
Lelia Duffy, Taunton, Mass.
Mary Fagan, Taunton, Mass.
Pearl Foss, Newtonville, Mass.
Elaine Gordon, W. Newton, Mass.
Jean Gravelle, Bucksport, Me.
Madeline Hamel, Worcester, Mass.
Nancy Hardy, Malden, Mass.
Mary Hart, Rochester, N. Y.
Annette Heinze, Jefferson, Mass.
Barbara Hines, Oyd Lyme, Conn.
Alice Howell, Baltimore, Md.
Helen Kneeland, Dover, N. H.
Ann LaVigne, Worcester, Mass.
Catherine Maitland, Swampscott, Mass.
Carlene Marr, Gardner, Mass.
Natalie McCrillis, N. Conway, N. H.
Anna McMennimin, Rockland, Mass.
Gertrude McMorran, Lincoln, N. H.
Lillian Nolette, Salmon Falls, N. H.
Ruth Pedley, Grosvenordale, Conn.
Barbara Raimor, Adams, Mass.
Marion Randall, Lynn, Mass.
Mary Singleton, Manchester, Mass.
Lorna Thigpen, New York, N. Y.
Martha Addison, New York, N. Y.
Priscilla Andrews, Milton, Mass.
Patricia Bachelder, Hallowell, Me.
Eileen Begley, Lawrence, Mass.
Louise Brown, Beverley, Mass.
Barbara Came, Bar Harbor, Me.
Gunvor Carlson, Gloucester, Mass.
Vivian Carroll, Long Branch, N. J.
Barbara Christie, Johnston, R. I.
Mary Church, Syracuse, N. Y.
Bernice Clarke, New Bedford, Mass.
Rita Collins, Winchester, Mass.
Mary Conroy, Hingham, Mass.
Miriam Davis, Portsmouth, N. H.
Bernadette DiNatile, Melrose, Mass.
Rita Doyle, Medford, Mass.
Muriel Emerson, Biddeford, Me.
Helen Fuller, Ogden, Utah
Almyra Gates, Visalia, Calif.
Dorothy Grant, Gloucester, Mass.
Miriam Hakkinen, Gardner, Mass.
Charlotte Hall, Holyoke, Mass.
Ruth Hanson, Saco, Maine
Ann Hart, So Hope, Maine
Barbara Hayden, W. Newton, Mass.
Barbara Hitchings, Lynn, Mass.
Rachel Hoar, Williamstown, Mass.
Margaret Hosmer, Boston, Mass.
Barbara Johnson, Worcester, Mass.
Gertrude Kelley, Newton, N. H.
Jean Kistler, Elkhart, Ind.
Phyllis Lavery, Webster, Mass.
Esther Leysath, Springfield, Vt.
Lena Mainiero, Bridgeport, Conn.
Mary Mark, Plymouth, Mass.
Marion Mazzolini, Randolph, Vt.
Dorothy McCullough, Wellesley, Mass.
Mavis Phelps, Mattapan, Mass.
Dorothy Quinn, Fitchburg, Mass.
Marie Rearick, Warren, Mass.
Marie Reeves, Joplin, Mo.
Lenore Reimann, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
Mary Richards, Portsmouth, N. H.
Carolyn Rogers, Old Town, Me.
Eileen Samuelson, New Haven, Conn.
Barbara Schurk, New Haven, Conn.
Barbara Somerville, Houlton, Me.
Marion Sullivan, E. Boston, Mass.
Mary Alice Sullivan, Watertown, Mass.
Virginia Telander, Randolph, Mass.
Annie Thibodeau, Gray, Me.
Barbara Thorburn, Rumford, R. I.
Barbara Wagew, Fall River, Mass.
Priscilla Webster, Whitman, Mass.
Jeanne Welch, Attleboro, Mass.
Patricia Welch, Rutland, Vt.
Cynthia Welker, Holyoke, Mass.
Virginia Wentworth, Saugus, Mass.
Elizabeth Whitney, Gardner, Mass.
Jeannette Wilkinson, Derby, Conn.
Mayme Wirkkala, Sunapee, N. H.

